Yates the real founder and throughout its whole history the editor and controlling spirit of the London World, died at London, suddenly, and in circumstances of curiously pathotic nterest. I had parted with him on the Contihe believed himself to be, in the way of complete recovery from a long illness, which had sompelled him to put off for months the har-ness of the work in which he most delighted, and congratulating his admirable and devoted wife on the prospect of so soon returning with to the pleasant life which they had so long led together in their native land. Just forty years ago, in 1854, Yates published his first book, "My Haunts, and Their Frequenters," and now, in 1894, still comparatively a young man, with the promise before him of many active years, he is suddenly struck to death in one of his favorite haunts, and surrounded by many of its frequenters, with whom he was on the most friendly and familiar terms. But upon the circumstances of this sad event I do not intend to-day to disquisition concerning the place and fusetion in medern life of the "society" newspaper, has it now exists in England, and as Edmund Yates, more than any other one man, gave it shape and fashion.

But I knew Edmund Yates long and

well. I never had any professional relations with him, but my personal reladone, maintained at intervals through more than a quarter of a century, when I was in close and cordial. No man can have really known him we'l without liking and esteeming im. He had many enemies, some of his own sons, who abused his confidence, but I do not believe he ever made any enemy by any act or word intentionally unjust or unfair. And though he seldom forgave or forgot an enemy, he struck no man below the belt, nor de I think he ever used the weapon of the press against an enemy powerless to strike back at him. In 1858, before he was 30 years most as an amateur at journalism (for he was then a Government official), he inconsiderately threw off a personal sketch of Thackeray, un der the press of an emergency, calling for "matter" in a long-forgetten journal with which he was then connected. The Garrick Club of that day was a very different establishment from that which now bears the name, and of that club Edmund was a young and inconspicuous while Thackeray was a mature and distin-guished member. I was in England in that year and heard the whole matter discussed, not by Thackeray only, but by Monekton Milnes, and other men of kindly feeling and of common sense. Edmund Yates himself at that time I had never seen, nor could I have any question as to the indiscreet and somewhat in considerate tone of the article. But it seemed to me then, as it seemed to the wisest com-peers and friends of the great satirist, that the indignation expressed by Thackeray was out of all proportion to the offence offered him. And when he went so far as to put the committee of the club to the wall, either to accept his own resignation from the club or to fuelst on the withdrawal of the youth who had disturbed his Olympian composure, he certainly used the strength of a Titan more like one of the the master of the "humanities"

Edmund Yates himself, when I came to know him afterward, never attempted to defend the article which he had written, and never spoke bitterly of Thackeray in connection with it. But there can be no doubt that had the article been as malicious as it was indiscreet, it could have offered a man in the position of Thackeray no offence comparable to that put by Thackeray himself, not in an ephemeral and trivial publication, but in a permanent classic of English literature upon an entirely private erson. Mr. Archdeckne, who lived with him at clubs and elsewhere on social and amicable terms; while the stigma inflicted upon a young aspirant in letters, as Yates then was, by his enforced withdrawal from a club might very well have done him permanent injury. This was felt at the time by Dickens, who was also a member of the club, and the attitude Pickwick papers was one of the many more memorable and more important difficulty" between the two acknowledged princes of English fletion.

It would be wide of my purpose to dwell on the merits of that difficulty, which have never yet been fairly and impartially "thrashed out" by any one who has dealt with them in print, and I refer to it now only because it

gives me the opportunity to say that, atthough I have discussed it more than once with Ldmund I sates in subsequent years, and although I always found, as was to be expected, that his gympathies were not with Thankersy, but with Dickens, in the quarrel. I have never heard him, even as a friend and partisan of Dickens, attempt to put a strained and hostile interpretation of the anger of Dickens attempt to put a strained and hostile interpretation of the anger of Dickens attempt to put a strained and hostile interpretation of the anger of Dickens was especially which the anger of Dickens was especially groused. More as all more than the more of less interesting literation of the more or less interesting literation of the more of less interesting literation of the more of the summary of the proper of the result was an bellionee than he ever really was. But of one very notable incident in his career. I think it due, not to his memory only, but to the good repute of journalism, and in a cartaln season the summary of the season of the season

RIDGE

A True Story of English Justice, Journalism, and Politics—How an English Lord Chief Justice, After Indicting an Unjust Sentence, Sought Mercy Through a Woman from the Man He Had Wronged.

LONDON, June 1.—A week age to-day Edmund

When the bearing of the charge angulast
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Britten Judges, Lord Colegides, Lord (thick
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lished.

In the summer of 1885, the Conserva-tives having come into power again with Lord Salisbury on June 24 in that year, it became snown in London that Lord Coleringe, then a widower was about to be married for the second time to a young

lady, Miss Lawford by name. On Aug. 8, 1855. Edmund Yates, coming to his office in the ordinary course or business, was informed that two ladies had come there in a carriage, very anxious to see him, had expressed great disapposistment at not finding him, and had driven awar without leaving their names, but saying that they would return. They did return not long after, and without sending up their names were received by Mr. Yates, who had never seen either of them helors.

The elder of the two ladies, much agitated, began, the interview, to the surprise of Mr. Yates, by asking if hand that morning seen Lord Coleridge. To this Mr. Yates replied very quietly. Not this morning. The lady thereupon appreased some astonichment, and after a little hesitation and with much visible emotion proceeded to inform Mr. Yates that her name was Lawford, and that Lord toleridge was spon the point of marrying her daughter, a sister of the young lady then present in her company. She had come to see Mr. Yates, as she explained, because both Lord Coleridge and her—sif had been informed that it was the intention of Mr. Yates to publish in the broid statements or an article concerning some passages in the private and domestic life of Lord Coleridge, the affect of mish in high to the present the private and domestic life of Lord Coleridge, he added, had already seat, she helleved, a person to Mr. Yates to probable to dissuade Mr. Yates from carrying out his assumed intentions. If unterrupt the narrative here for a moment to say that Mr. Yates, from what here for a moment to say that Mr. Yates, from more present in the course of which he might be enabled to dissuade Mr. Yates from carrying out his assumed intentions. If unterrupt the narrative here for a moment to say that Mr. Yates, from more personally I had the whole story, together with the document I am about to submit you not unreceived with the document is an abarriate long hefore, and who was doubtless from his death by Mr. Yates's cierk, long in his employment, as the person re

Boyal Courts or Justice. 8 August, 1885.

Sin: I have learned from Mrs. and Miss I awford, the mo her and the sister of the lady whom I am about to marry, that they had an interview with you to-day upen the subject of this marriage. I wish you to know that they had but anticipated me in desiring to see you upon this subject only. I wish you also to know that I had said again and again to those who used your name to deter me from marrying that whatever might be your feelings toward me, I was certain you were absolutely incapable of poisoning the life of an isnocent and a helpless woman, only to give me pain. Although I do not know how you may receive them. I cannot forbear tending to you my hearty thanks, not so much on my own behalf (though I do thank you for myself) as on the part of one to whom I owe more than I can ever repay, for what you said to Mrs. and Miss Lawford, which, though I was no more than I expected, has yet been an unspeakable relief and comfort.

ever repay, for what you said to Mrs. and Miss.

lawford, which, though it was no more than
i expected, has yet been an unspeakable relief and comfort.

Into the other matter, in which we have been
brought across on- another, it is of course impossible for me to enter. But i will say that I
am content to wait till you hear from some
one you can trust the truth as to my private
life, and further as to the amount of my personal responsibility for what naturally gave
you 'e much offence. When you know the
truth I am sure to be perfectly satissed with
your action in consequence of such knowledge.
I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant.

The circumstances which preceded the receipt by Mr. Yates of this amazing letter were
related to me by Mr. Yates himself, as they
doubtless have been to others of his friends,
and my copy of the letter was given to me by
him, with no injunction whatever of secreey
beyond the reservation that he did not wish to
have it made public during his lifetime. He
was, of course, under no obligation to Lord
Coleridge in regard to it. The intimation
made in the letter, that Mr. Yates have 'had
been used" by persons whom Lord Coleridge
'from marrying' was, of course, and was by
Edmund lates left to be an insultand an outrace, not the less offensive that Lord Coleridge obviously did not perceive it to be an inault and an outrage. But it was the feeling of Mr. Yates expressed to me, and
I thus, a feeling most creditable to
him, that so long as he lived he ought to
restrain himself from using the weapon thus
put into his hand, even to chastise the author
of the great and grilevous wrong inflicted upon
him by Lord Coleridge's remarks in the libel
case and by the imprisonment then, through
Lord coleridge most univaries and the local
facts. When Lord Coleridge of his own motion int makes it tneir duty planly to state the facts. When lord Coler dige of his was motion and ber daughtes to Edmund Yates on Aug. 8, 1965, but with his own hand assured Mr. Nates that he had again and again? expressed his own convict on privately to other people that Mr. Yates was "absolutely incapable" of doing precisely the thing which level Colerides encouraged the mother and sister of his intended brids to try te dissuade Mr. Jates from doing, he presented himself of the try unit to be intrusted with judicial authority to affect the character and reputs of any man. It showed him, too, to be entirely capable, either from political motives or from motives personal te himself, of publicly imputing to another man motives by which he privately was "certain" that this man was absolutely incapable, of busing governed. Is it necessary for as to this nete by act Coleridge to a case heard by him in his capacity as Lord Chief Justice as cling "a matter" in which he and Mr. istes jarraimed lefore him judicially; had been brought across one another? Is it the custom of Knglish diages to think and a speak to persons tried and sentenced by them, of Knglish diages to think and a speak to persons tried and sentenced by them, of the cases involved in such trial and such accidence in terms which might properly dail what reasonable prospect of fair dealing and of justice can private persons have when they go up for trial on matters involving their character and their honer before Judges, permitted by the custom of the country, to regard such proceedings as in the nurse of a personal difficulty or quarre between themselves and those who appear before them to be a personal difficulty or quarre between themselves and those who appear before the motivate of a political partisan confronting a pellifical antagonist, or of a man dreading unfavorable comment upon passages in his own private inference of the trail of the case.

In a person who m ght make such comments, the bitterness of his remarks on the hearing of the language which

when there is anything whatever in the circumstances of a case, in the political and personal career of the Judga, or in the relation of his ulterances and of his action, to the clearly demonstrable divises and onligations of his position, which warrants a reasonable demand for auch criticism and such examination. Edmund fates as I have eatd, showled singuiar self-control and forbearance in his determination, not himself to make public use of this extraordinary communication, made to him in the interest of Lord Coleridge slone, and of Lord Coleridge's private affairs, by the Judge who had held him up to undeserved oilloury, inflitted upon him severe and unmerited punishment, and done what he could to blacken through Edmund Yates the character and reputs of English journalism. For this teh is name and his memory be held in honor! But as inappen to know from himself. Edmund lates thought it his right and his duty to slass the facts in this case and his do high standing, and in particular to three eminent English Judges, at least the peers of Lord Coleridge an magistrates and, I am glish to believe, infinitely his superiors as man. Now that the facts pass by the death of Mr. Yates into the nublic domain is it not incumbent upon such Judges, and upon all other English Judges alive to the dumity and the honor of the judicial office, to satisfy the world in some formal and effectual way that the conduct in this case, both on and off the back, of the accented by rivilized men in and out of England as consistent with the dignity, purity, and honor of the English judiciary and with the security of private rights and of private character under the laws of England, is

LONDON'S PRINTERS' "PUR."

How An American Found "Open Sesame" to That Exclusive Drinking Place. "The application for an all-night license for bar in Park row, 'on the ground of its proximity to offices where hundreds of men work through the hours when, by the excise law, the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited." said a gentleman who has recently returned from a residence of several years in the English metropolis. "reminds me of a peculiar in stitution in London. There is a 'pub,' or pub-lie house, in a little side street just out of Fleet street, which, I believe is the only one in the United King fom permited to sell liquors all night. The English license law is very strict, and public bars must be closed at midnight in London and at 11 P. M. elsewhere.
"This place, however, is allowed to 'dis-

pense spirits, wines, and mait liquors' the night through, by a special act of Parliament. But sales can be made only to printers. A strict watch is kept at the door, and unless an applicant for admission is vouched for as beonging to the craft he is barred out. The existence of this place appears to be known to very few outside its patrons; I found many men ignorant of it who were at the newspaper offices in Fleet street almost every night in the year, but they were writers, not printers.

"I never heard of it until one night—or, rather, morning, for it was 2 o'clock—when, returning from a feative function at the Mansion House, a frient, who was sharing a hansom with me and I were simultaneously stricken with a saudden access of thirst just as we neared the Law Courts. It was a toss-up whether we kept on to the Savage Club or returned to the Irass Club at Ladgate Circus to irrigate. I expressed a vain desire for a schooner of mosi, coid American lager, right out of the middle of the barrel.

"My friend stopped the cab. He is an Englishman, who some thirty years ago learned the trade of a printer is his native town; came to America in his teens, and worked his way up to the managing editorship of a prominent New York daily; and, along allout 1887, returned to London t take a similar position at the head of the staff of an evening newspaper.

"I know, he said, where there used to be some capital British beer near here, and we'll go for it, if you agree."

"I agreed, the cab was turned, and as we drove back down the street he told me about the printers' pub."

"We were in evening dress, and I doubted if we could gain admission. I haven't been there for ten years, he said, but I'll bet you a cold bottle, to be opened later, on, that somebody there will rengember me.

"He was right. The doorman was a young fellow, and stoppedus." Is So-and-so or Suchand-such or What's his-name in? asked my friend. I'll see, said the guardian, and, closing the door, he disappeared. In a minute he came back with an oldish chap, who peered into our faces. Then my friend sape, "Thus to the doorkeeper: "This is Mr. —; he's a printer. Colling him ty name. My loud to the doorkeeper: "This is Mr. —; he's a printer. You's 'Pub.' The beer, I may add, was good—as Lritish beer goes." istence of this place appears to be known to very few outside its patrons; I found many

MORE OF THE PRIVATE DESECTIVE. Trying to Scare Business Men Into Dis-

trusting Employees. Many of the more prominent business men of New York recently have been approached by mail in a fashion that would arouse the indignation of every bookkeeper, cashier, and trusted clerk in town. The private detective agencies which have recently sprung up, owing to the lealency with which the courts have come before them, have started in on a mail campaign which is of unprecedented and unexampled ingenuity. These agencies have compiled a list of the members and partners of prominent commercial houses in this city, and they have mailed letters to these persons, which are sealed, marked personal, and have the impress of a private communication.

Within the envelopes are letters which are evidently sent in rotation according to a thoroughly well understood system.

The first letter sets forth that in these times, when nearly all men are pushed for means, there is an unusual number of trusted employees a he are committing amail peculations or otherwise delrauding their employers. It is pointed out that employers, as a rule, know nothing of the private lives of the booksepers, cashiers, or other men who have access to their property, and it is said that business prutence suggests that some investigation into the manner of living of those men should be made by their employers. The letter is well written, and in the main noffensive. It deals with zeneral problems only.

If no no ice is taken of this, another letter comes along a week or ten days after, which is considerably more explicit. It takes the suppositifious case of a man who is receiving a salary of \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that his expenses must of necessity he more than \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that his expenses must of necessity he more than \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that his expenses must of necessity he more than \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that his expenses must of necessity he more than \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that his expenses must of necessity he more than \$3,000 a year and who lives in a flat which rents for \$1,000. Then it goes on to show that how the income?

A third and sometimes a fourth letter in the same vein fillows.

All of th unexampled ingenuity. These agencies have compiled a list of the members and partners

DIPLOMATIC KTIQUETTE.

No One in the Cabinet Now to Coach the President and His Secretary of State. "They need Mr. Whitney in Washington

very of en in these times." remarked one of New York's Congressmen yesterday. "The minor questions of official etiquette, such as the one which has just come up concerning the death of Carnot, were always solved by the former necretary of the Navy during Mr. Cleveland's first administration. Mr. Whit-ney's knewledge of social usages and diplo-

ner's anewiedge of social usages and diplomatic customs was so extensive that he praceally keef the Administration in line in the small details of social life, just as Mrs. Whitney, who was then alive and at the height of her brilliant social career, set the stamp of good form on Washington social life.

"Hote Smith is a powerful man in his way, but he and his friends are hardly he ones to guide the Administration is matters of diplomatic courtesy.

"The friendliness and courtesy which have been exhibited by the satire Diplomatic Corretoward the French nation make it all the more difficult for the French nation make it all the more difficult for the French nation when exhibited by the satire Diplomatic Corretoward the French nation make it all the more difficult for the French nation make it all the workings of the contains their gross breaches of oriquette. Nations are much like individuals, and it would seem that the ordinary instincts of gentlemen should have pointed out the way here.

"Judge Gresham, aside from his political value, is the least interesting Secretary of State and the Journess in manner and in the amail courtesies of life that Washingtonians of this generation have known."

A Possible Excuse Francisks Washington Erming Stor. "It's strange," exclaimed the irritable man.
"that I can't get what I order to eat."
What's the matter?" asked his wife.
I ordered blueriak and the waiter brought me black bass."
"Oh, well. I wouldn't get aberg. Perhaps the near fellow is color blind."

SORE PORMS WORTH READING. The Widowed Former,

Since Manner died the sun don't shine on bright, The stare dan't twinkle near so keen at night, The church bell funday mernin' ain't the chees It had when she was here, Stneo Hanner died.

The very shickens misses Hanner's care, And go 'round with a sorter lonesome sir; There sin't no kind of joy about the place Without her smilln' face,

The garden tools hange in the apple trees, The heastweeds air a billin' off the peas; There's no one here to hoe the taters now, for feed the hogs an' cow, dines Hanner died. I s'pess, of course, I'd orter be realgned.

I wet it with my tears, Since Hanner died, ROBLET D. STRYBROOM

From the Atlanta Constitution, O, the Georgia watermelon! It's a growin' soel an

An'il soon be pullin' heavy on the stem;
Ab' the halfe-ic needs a whethin', an' the blade is gettin' nees.
O, the decorate watermelon is a gem! Melons, coul an' green — Jest the best yen ever seen! See the awest inice drippin' From them melons cool an' green!

Watermalone.

O, the Georgia watermelon, with the purifices sore of It alor: a streak o' fat an' streak o' leam; You thump her with your fingers, an' you hea o, the ucorgia watermelon, coel an' green! When you pull a Georgia meion you must know what you are at,
An look out how your knife is goin' in;
Put one half on this side o' you—the other half on that,
An' then, you git between 'on an' begin! An then, you git netween 'em an organ:

They're mighty mighty fillin' with their flamin' hearts

Like the reddest o' the reses in the flouth!

When enthon's down to bothin', take the place o' meat

An' bredde.

Make you think a bive o' honey's in your mouth!

But they're way shead o' honey, as a slice or two wi It's sticker an' it's sweeter as it slips; There ain't no nigger problem when the melon's on the Make the white man an' the nigger smack his tipe!

Melons, cool an' green— Den't want any fence between! But I'd outclimb all creation For them melons cool and green!

FRANK L. STANTON

The Drum Demon, From the Fout 's Companion It was a little drammer boy.
Who feil asless beside his drum,
A painted parchiment dovered toy,
Who had been beside his drum,
A painted parchiment dovered toy,
Whose holiew voice was saidem dumb;
And in his dream the urchin saw
Long times of soldiers in review
Delle before the Emperer,
While trumpets blaced and colors flow.

There's a Demon, and he dwelleth in the drum; see the volunteers as down the etreet they come. Proudly the procession marches, Under bunting, under arches, To the rattle, rattle, Like a volley beliched in battle, And he saith:

I have voice; parties on my forehead is the stain;
I am Cann come again; on my forehead is the stain;
Come,

The drammer boy awake, and in! The camp fire died below the stars, The settines paced to and fire. The river murmured o'er its bars; A spectral eword of steely gray Dawn cut the sombre satirs of Night, And silent mists from where they lay bidle ghost-like from the morning light.

Stole ghost-like from the morning light.
There's a Demon. and he sleepe within the dram;
He as akens when the pallid dawn is come,
When the long reverberations
Summon seatries from their stations;
soldiers to their arms are bounding.
While the revealle is sounding.
And he saith
I am Came,
Come,
Come,
Come,
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

It was the drummer boy that beat
The charge that stayed the fees' advance.
As headlong through the trampled wheat
They broke before the run of France;
And fouder yet, in grimy hands.
The leaping drumatices rose and fell,
Above the din of house commands,
The ride's crack, the Unian's yell.

The ride's crack, the Unian's yell.

There's a Demon, and he lurks within the drum,
To awaken when the bullets hise and hum;
When the mitratileone it grumbles
With a roar that rolls and runbles
With a roar that rolls and runbles,
The state of the rolls and runbles,
The line and the state gasp and stutter,
The line all it is a come again; on my forehead is the stain;
Come,
Come, come, come—
Unto Death.

It was the regiment that broke
Before the squadrons' mighty abods
And scattered, shattered in the smoke,
A sea apray scatters from a rook;
Then, while the drummer, in despair,
To mainess made the drumstick board,
They formed the triple-fronted square,
and dying, dying, held their ground.

There's a Demon, and he dwelleth in a drum; When the hoarsely cursing, aweatlor squares su counts
Through the ameke that blinds and stides,
Palpitant to smutty rifes,
With hell paring in the valley
Where the broken columns rally.
Then be saith:

Where the protest column large.
Then he saith:
I am Cain come again; on my ferchead to the stain:
Come.
Come.
Come.
Come.
Unto Death.

It was the drummer boy that lay
With peaceful face upon the field,
Just where, before they went the day,
The German squadrons broke and wheeled;
And still as it with suice hate
They sought to break that last repose,
With mariled thunder, afern as fate,
The victor's distant drumbes ruse.

There's a Demen and he sleeps within a dram; Hear his heart-throb when the bailte's voice is dumb With trailed arms the victors follow: Silent, to the grave's low hollow. Their commander, moonrise darkly shaws the corpses lying starkly. And he sailte

avail, ye are lain where no obsers shall wake Come, come, come—
Come, come, come—
Fastore frai Store.

"The Man Behind the Gun."

From Peach.

("A bond of affection existed between the navies England and America and they were always giant reciprocate the good feature at highest leward them the critish many. Noticely had said the control of the

Geod, Erhen, geod! Yen've hit my moed, And also hit the mark.
Funct loves all craft, sorte and aft, Right down from Neah's Ark.
A ship to him means plack, ameri trim, Loyalty, love, and fan:
But air you bet, be il not forget.
The ham fishind the Gun.

Thanks, Admired E., for teaching P.
That insat and telling phrase!
He joins full heart, for his poor park,
in all that mutual praise
Poured freely out 'wixa sailors' stout,
Hat that which "cope the bun"
Is your sound crack about heave Jack,
"The Man Benind the Gun:"

Tes; he's the chap who, hap what hap, Will keep our Flags affect. John, Jonathas (each sailerman is "Jack" aboard a boath Briton or Yank, what'er his rank, All know what has been dess. Heath Cross or Nar, by piata Jack Tag. "The Man behind the Gun."

Yes; guns grow big, and build and rig Are shanged since Noison's time. Bugs iron pots and spanking shots sigoil beauty and floor rhyme. But when we close with sighting fees, We'll sind, ere all is done, "The Man behind the Gun".

Capt, Mahan is just the man To prove that kriben's right. Iron or ear, ships are 'ne joke," his "deen and blood "must fight. Tour "hundred tonner" is a stunner; Yet fights will still be won. If won they are, by stout Jack Tar, "The Man behind the Gun?"

Fair breezes wait your U. R. craft, (Cruiser Chicker) still! Valor and wit still keep us knit In brotherly good will! Mahan lets injuor! Shoed is thicker Tuan water So, my son. A bumper brim all round to him— "The Man bebind the Gun!"

Man and Nature. From the Speciaire.

The mountains, and the forests, and the sain, tidlest of mourners with pathetic tone, Here each a natural mount, all their each, Sain a capard with human destinies; sain, letter, manifold. What is more awast. Then woodland includies at mour! More mild Tran identically a mount fore mild Tran identical allowed to our feel. Branthinsely caim? And then, within an hour, height that sain same desain at the above. Lashes, the forest quakes, with dealesting power. The rocks are tent. Then, not amid that rear Awastrock we sink, we fail upon our knees. To mouttain, and priore, is and ye sain.

To menticaline and the forests and the sees Mare each their municipation, with our mortial less Mare each their municipation, with our mortial less in sympanicy, to couche, such in speace. And man, fore has his municipate as note. Of words wide a westness; tender reverses. Dirrets of invited bilares uniforget. But all of them increamed hing; they have not their tender in direct, and the ear. Pleased with rich security in Scient; and the ear. Pleased with rich security in a when some one sings in a great fourtheir as hing of Eings; its closes, and of representations then the local of all speaks, there is are and since in the Mail.

SHIR WARK AT THE SHRATRES.

It is not reasonable to expect much of newness in the amusement enterprises Fourth of July week, and so the current shows are familiar for the most part. With the clos ing of Nibio's, the drama drops out of the field for the present. At the Fifth Avenue, the Duff Opera Company is in the fourth week of "Tue Mikade," and it is so well done that it seems likely to continue. Its nevelty is the display, on the stage and in the forer, of group of Japanese ciris in native dances, but the mimic Japa are proving very attractive saids from this innovation, and its music is

plainly of lasting popularity.
"1492" at the Garden Theatre is changed from time to time to admit new fea ures, but It does not seem to vary in its great attractiveness to lovers of light entertainment. Recent recruits to its buriesquers are Gilbert Gregory, a dancer graduated from the origina' "Adonia" "tigers," and Raymond Shaw, a ballad singer, The Klianyi groups are still a conspicuous feature among the retained items. Columbus clocks are to be the souvenir glits on the 400th performance of next Saturday night.

The cast of "The Passing Show" at the

Casino remains unchanged, but new sones are offered by John E. Henshaw, Paul Arthur, Virginia Earl, and Jess & Carlyle, and there is to te on Monday evening a novel song and dance for the hot tamale boys. These changes are accompanied by a freshening of costumes, and serve acceptably to renew the piece.

The out-of-town shows which depend upon etty visitors have no reason to deplore warm weather since most of them gain thereby in attractiveness. Manhattan Beach is becoming an amusement sentre. The Hagenbeck show is continued, and this week will include twenty trained cockatoos which perform many such feats as dancing on revolving globes, walking tight ropes, and acting as firemen in the rescue of other birds from a miniature burn ng building. The display of lions, tigers, and bears is continued. At Pain's amphitheatre a spectacular display "Lalla Rookh ie given Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

theatre a spectacular display "Lalia Rookh" is given Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and is accompanied by ene of the most glittering exhibitions of pyrotechnics which have ever been seen hereabouts. Afternoon and svening concerts by Bousa's Hand have commenced, and Mme. Guthrie-Moyer and Anton Schott are relaited as soloists.

West Brighton Beach began resterday a ten weeks' sea-on of the Scidi Society's connects, under the direction of Anton Scidi. Daily performances at 3 in the afternoon and at 8 in the evening will be the rule, and the concerts of each Saturday and Sunsar will embrace singing by capable soloists. Marcella Lindh, Payne Clark, and Glusspee Campanari are now retained, it is planned during the season to give on each Friday a symphony concert, and while classical selections will make up a good portion of all the programmes, there will be included much popular music. The two daily performances of Buffate Bill's "Wild west" are visited by thousands in search of amusement, who find in this graphic depiction of wild life on the Westera plains amps enjoyment. Horsemen see much that is of interest in the furious dashes of the riders from many countries, and a tour of the Indian villace recays the lover of the urious. What is most unlike urban life is sure to be of interest to city folk, and in this fact lies the explanation of this show's popularity.

There will be a chance to see the Schaffer family at Elderado to-night, when their exhibition will be extended by juggling and riffa shooting by Sylvester Schaffer. It promised to be their last appearance at this resort, but it is now announced that their stay has been extended to end with next Saturday night. "Benamela" is continued, and its sarles of handsome pictures, gorgeous ballets, and showy marches make it an acceptable spectacle. Its few spoken words are a novelty in this style of entertainment, and are a novelty in this style of entertainment, and are a novelty in this style of entertainment is a fitting one for the beautiful spot.

Vaudevi

Vaudeville is as varied as ever. It welcomed to it, as a new item to be included in the already comprehensive term, variety show. A series of them is to be disp'ayed at Proctor's twice a day, beginning to-morow. Excellent examples of this sort of art are promised with the aid of skilful mechanical and lighting effects. The titles of some of them are "The Nymph of the Wave," "Cupid and Psyche," "Rebecca at the Well," "Grace Darling," "The Feathered Orchestra," and "Tee Flower Girl." There are to be thirty of them in all. "The Mascot" will be sung twice daily by the Wilbur Company, with Susie Kerwin as Belling, and with W. H. Kohnie, E. A. Clarke, and James Donnelly conspicuously placed. The variety bill has been entirely changed and employs George M. Devere, Tony Hart, Jr., George Leslie, Musical Silvo, the Hort Brothers, Nagify, and Signor Lenards.

At the Union Square aix comery young women will perform a song and dance entitled Linger Longer, Luer. One of the girls is to be attired in the regulation coatume of a premier dancer, and the whole should be a novelty in variety show song and dance. The specialists on the bill are Hughe Dougherty, Ioner and Frobel, lacz Mesasker, Lugene Sanger, the Doro Brothers and Chartes I. van Barr, the Nawas, Harris and Waltera, the Morellos, Mealer and Marers, Max Vettingill and his trick dog, Pierce and Delie, Fields and Wolley, and Kate Koon.

The roof entertainment at Koster & Bial's increased by the addition of vocal soloists to the concerts of the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, with the corner tools of Theolore Hook. The singers are the well-by district the concerts of the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, with the corner tools of Theolore Hook. The singers are the well-by district the concerts of the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, with the corner tools of Theolore Hook. The singers are the well-by district the concerts of the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, with the corner tools of Theolore Hook. The singers are the well-by district the concerts of the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, with the corner tools of Theolore Hook. The singers are to the Kosauth Hungarian Orchestra, which the corner to the Casino Roof. The singer to the Cast of the Cast and James Donnelly conspicuously placed The variety bill has been entirely change: and employs George M. Devere, Tony Hart

Casting Out a Bevil. From the Chinege Durly Inver-Ocean.

Jangaville. Wis, June 15.—Mary A. O'Brist of this city, an invalid for twenty-nine years, unaile to leave her hed for seventeen years, and almost dismb for fourteen years, now gets up, walks, and take. Faith is said to have worked a mirnele in her case. She prayed fervenity. The liev, A. W. Welch and the liev. U. Deseier, evangalists went to her house Truitsday and again Saturday, and prayed for her relief. Saturiay afternoon hitse Ultrist spoke, then straightened out her feet, and with a joyful cry walked across the room. All insisted that their payers had been heard and answered. Sunday the patient was up a dabout the house and weat in a carriage to the evangelisis' tent meeting in the alternoon. There was great excitement on a rooms street in the neighborhood of Miss of Brist's little hous. When the evangelisis came to the city they learned of Miss Ultrist's long confinement. They singgested a united supeal to heaven, which was done, and all joined in fervent prayer for relief.

"tome out of this woman, thou devil," said the flew Mr. Weich finally, and Miss O'Brist, vithout previous preparation, arcee and walked about her room, bunday evening she held an impromptu prayer meeting on her front porch.

BARNGERFEST DECORATIONS.

Festal Flowers and Bunting in New York's German Quarter Last Week,

New York's German quarter gave the Saengerfast a characteristic welcome. While the region about Madison square made the public demonstration that was addressed to the whole town, the German square mile southeast of Third avenue and Fourteenth street put itself in festal array for the private by of its own residents and that of the visiting Germans. There were miles of decorated streets over there, and there were literally acres of bunting.

Part of Third avenue, long blocks of Secon avenue, First avenue, and Avenue A, with all the cross streets from Fourteenth to First were affutter with bunting and green with helly, laurel, and whatever other foliage was found convenient. Fourth street, the very home of music, was fairly ablaze with bunting set off by greenery. And the music shops, they were in their glory. You find musical instrument dealers, big and little, all over the German quarter, and see in their windows musical instruments that are strange to the eyes of the

All these shops displayed their biggest and brighest horns, the queerest contrivances to

All these shops displayed their biggest and brighest horns, the queerest contrivances to extract music from pipe or reed or catgut, and adorned the display with fiars and greenery.

So, 100, the Swiss dealers in musical boxes, musical tobscop pipes, musical clooks, and musical heer mugs. They displayed the Swiss cross and the German flag and the Stars and Stripes. This last, by the way, was more often displayed than all other flags put together.

Hundreds of beer salcous and wein stubes put up printed cards earling. Willkemmen gum Sangerfest," with many variations, of the great disrman composers, and even of a few It-lians of special fame. Home weins tubes proclaimed themselves the headquarters of this or that visiting organization. All did their very best to be as German as possible. The wein stubes streve to look just like the Fatheriand, and to convince strangers from the great German West that old home customs are unforgetten in New York.

Then there were all sorts of hearty greetings for friends, long absence, healthy German homes of the far east side, and unsuspected everywhere in all those comfortable German homes of the far east side, and unsuspected rear gardens, soloom with flowers and bowery with vines, were displayed with pride, where, from all outer appearance, one might expect to find naught but an urban desert.

CAPT. MAHAN CRITICISED.

Reported by Admiral Erben as Unfit for the

Washington, June 30.-It may seem strange to many persons that an officer who has received such henors abroad as have been given Capt. Aifred T. Mahan should have been reported to the Navy Department by his superior officer as an inefficient naval commander, Such is the case, however, as only last winter Admiral Erben filed a statement with the department to the effect that he considered Capt. Mahan unfit to have charge of a ship. In a later report he stated that an improve-ment had been shown, and that the discipline and efficiency of the ship's crew had been advanced. The report was pigeonholed by the

department, and no notice was taken of it. Some officers accuse Admiral Erben of having been a little jealous of the attention shows history, and say that he took this means of showing it. Others say that "Bully" Erben was right when he made the report against Capt Mahan, as they knew all along that he was not a practical naval officer, however capable he was of telling about the power and influence of a navy. Capt Mahan is said by the majority of naval officers to be a scholarly officer, but not one with anan, and possessing those qualities which go to make up what is termed a "-ailorman." He takes little or no interest in the command of men or the routine discipline of a war ship, but prefers to sit in his cabin and produce philosephical articles on warfare.

Admiral Erben is known throughout the service as "Bully" Erben, on account of his hearty, wholesole-sailor manner and love of the sea. He is in this respect like grizzly eid Bancroft Gherardi, whose heart was nearly broken when he was compelled to haul down his flag after the naval review. Both would rather be at sea than command the best naval shore station. Of Capt, Mahan it is saji that he prefers land to see every time, and will take advantage of the forty-year-service retirement clause as soon as he comes within it, and give up active service so as to devote his entire attention to writing. showing it. Others say that "Bully" Erben

AN EXPECTED ENGLISH PISITOR. In a Few Bays Lord Randolph Churchill

Lord Bandelph Churchill, who will land in New York in a few days, is wofully changed from the man who aroused the interest and admiration of New Yorkers on his first visit to this country. He came then as the guest of his future father-in-law, Leonard Jerome, was put up at all the clubs, and proved to be the most popular Englishman of title who ever

came to this country. The newspaper interviewer, who is such an unbridied terror to the majority of distinguished visitors to this country, amused Lord Randolph Churchill immensely. He was to be seen by the interviewers at all times, and his curlosity about this country, about his curiosity about this country, about its government, the manners of its people, the leading polisicians of the ring which was then in coutrol of the city, and numerous other things, was sogreat that he usually questioned the reporters far more rapid y and shillfully than they questioned him.

He was much addicted at that time to a velvet amoking jacket which he wore while he strolled in Madison square in the morning, and he exhibited a sharp interest in racing and attistics.

He is now broken down physically, has a hentifigure, and a peevish manner. The fire and enthusiasm with which he entered into everything that claimed his fattention in former days has given way to the petulanoy and wilfulness of a confirmed invalid.

WHO WOULD KNOW THE BOWERT

It Is Almost Respectable at Night Now-Raids by Police.

A most wonderful transformation has overtaken the Bowery at night in the last six months. For years before almost as soon as night set in this most remarkable street was apparently abandoned by respectable persons, and from the surrounding streets there thronged into it a motiey crowd of the vicious. Concert saloons opened their doors, women streamed in and out of them, and they and their companions made the street obnoxious and even dangerous to passers-by. Lately and even dangerous to passers-by. Lately
the police have been raiding these resorts,
and lew of them or their frequenters remain. The Bowery at night has become almost respectable. On the east side
net one of the disreputable concert saloon
resorts remains, and lew women are to be
seen on that siles of the street who are not, apparently, reputable. On the other side of the
street two questionable places are open. The
street two questionable places are open. The
liowery and its neighborhood is marked,
Many drug-store keepers complain that half
their patronage has been driven away, but all
other reputable business men are pleased.

9650 Monument for a Dog. WESTERLY, B. I., June 24.-The Granite Company of this place has completed a \$450 tomb-stone, that is to be erected over the grave of a splendid Kentucky dos, who was the beloved and faithful companion of Robert E Stone of and faithful companion of Robert E. Stone of Lexington, and shipped it to that gentleman. The stone, which is of the fluest seashore grantle is a pointed shaft with a solid pedecial and is carred in many slaborate and somewhat fanciful designs. It is beautifully flueshed, a masterpiece of expert stoneouters handlework. It has a deeply chiselied inacription: "In lowing memory of "Doa," for lix experts our silent brother and best friend. This faithful dog shall bear him company."

Old Taverus of Belaware.

Delaware was once distinguished for many way-side inne of fine old English sames. One of them, the Mermald, Howard Pric has put into a magazine fliustration. The house still bears the name though it long since ceased to be a tavern. The Indian Queen was long the chief hotel of Wilmington, but it disappeared twenty years ago. The Red Lion and the Black Bird have given their names to villages and townships. The Bius Ball still ives, and so de a half dozen others of like names.

Women at the Welnstube.

The only part of New York where you see altogether respectable women drinking wine alone in public is the German quarter. It is not common even there, but it excites no comment and evidently no surprise. For three or four women to enter a weinstube to-gether and alt fifteen minutes over their wine is an every-day occurrence.